

A
LETTER

TO A

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

In the NORTH:

CONTAINING

REMARKS on the Advertilement
mentioned in the *Craftsman* of
Saturday, November 8. about a
Memorandum Book that was taken
up near *Arlington-Street.*

Dedicated to the Right Honourable the
Lord TOWNLEY.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

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To the Right Honourable the

L O R D T O W N L Y.

M Y L O R D,

A Friend of mine, who had accidentally the Perusal of the following Piece, in Manuscript, having prevail'd with me to print the same ; I should have been at a Loss for a Patron, had I not luckily been inform'd of your Lordship's being come home from your Travels, ve-

ry much disgusted, and out of Humour, as I understand, with your fellow Traveller.

LORD *Townly* is reckon'd to be one of the best Characters in the *Provok'd Husband*; tho', in my Opinion, as *Vanbrugh* had mix'd too much Levity with Lady *Townly's* Wit; so *Cibber*, I think, has overcharg'd Lord *Townly's* Gravity, with the opposite Extreme. But now, we hear, my Lord, you are to act your Tip Top Part, in a new Drama, actually in Rehearsal, intituled the *Provok'd Brother*; which is not to be represented
in

in *Drury-Lane*, the *Hay-market*, *Lincoln's-Inn* or *Goodman's-Fields*, but on a proper Stage in *Westminster*. Well, the Town will be finely diverted this Season; for, besides four or five Theatres, there is *Tony* (*Aston*) likewise, returned from *Scotland*, safe from Danger of a black (Spiritual) Army, that was drawing up in Battel Array against him. *Tony*, as the News-Writers inform us, will shew away on *Sunday*, the Audience thronging to other publick Places, on the Week-days; which, however, I cannot believe; for, sure, our sober
Citizens

viii *The Dedication.*

Citizens are too good Christians, to follow the Roman-Catholick Doctrine, of sporting on *Sundays*. Archbishop *Laud*, indeed, fell in with them; but that cost him, and his Master dear; besides, *Tony's* Shew I have seen, and 'tis but a dull and dry Diver-
sion; there is not so much as an Orange to be had.

FARCES, indeed, and Shews, are pretty much relish'd at present; but for my Liking, my Lord, give me the *Avare* of *Moliere*: I have seen it acted in *French*, in *Dutch*, in *English*, and lately in *High-German*

German too ; the Audience was always crouded, and almost bursting with Laughter. I confess, in the following Letter, I have handled this Subject something more roughly. For tho' 'tis true, what *Horace* says (I do not exactly remember the Metre, and have no Book at hand) that, *Ridiculum acri melius, fortiusque magnas plerumq; secatur res*; and what *Perfius* and *Juvenal* says of *Horace*; *Omne vaser vitium Flaccus ridenti tangit amico, & admissus circum præcordia tulit.* Yet, my Lord, where a Man is dully insensible of tickling Satire; *Horace* himself would

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have

have Apostrophed him, and named him downright by his own Name, *Quis Bavium non odit ?*

THE *Craftsman* of Saturday, Nov. 8. has begun to try the first Method, in that Advertisement, whereof the following Letter is the Paraphrase; but he'll soon find the Inefficacy of the Experiment; and raise his Voice into Declamatory *Philippicks*. I am glad this Author has left the stale Topick of the Squabbles betwixt *Will Pout* and *Bob Wall*; he grew tedious, and the Publick grew tired.

MY

My Lord, I think it is high Time for you to shake Hands with *Caleb Danvers W. Raleigh* and *John Trot*. The *Past Prospect* of a future Peace is once more become present, since our Signing with *Spain*, of which I heartily, and sincerely give you Joy. Let us now turn our Thoughts to quieting Things at home, to reform Vice and Immorality. The Vice I complain of is *Avarice*, and the Immortality is *Hardheartedness*. These are the reigning Crimes of our Age and Country; but did never before rage to such a Degree

gree in one Soul (if he can be said to have a Soul who has no Bowels) as they do in the Alderman, who is the Object of *Caleb's* and my own Wit.

I have made it out in the following Letter from Reason and Scripture, or Quotations, that no Man is safe in the Ward where he lives, as long as he is suffered to hoard up so much Money every Year. I know the Time must come (but God only knows when) that this *Midas* will *repent* his turning every Thing into Gold. But, like the Afs in *Homer* (whose Head he wears

wears) he'll bear a good Drubbing, before he leaves the Corn-Field. Writing and Speeches won't do; *Pungant dum Saturent.* Nor will he be lulled; but (like a Town-Top as he is) must be lashed a-sleep. For even when he goes to Rest (which, besides the Night, he does every Day immediately after Change-Time) he sleeps with his Eyes still open; they roll, and his Thoughts run perpetually over his Coffers.

My Lord, I find my Dedictory Epistle swell under my Hand, as much as the following

lowing Letter did, when I wrote to my Friend. I don't know the Art of Panegyricks; nay, I have already told you that *Cibber* has drawn your Character, not altogether without Faults: But (to quote *Horace* once more) *Nemo sine crimine vivit; optimus ille qui minimis premitur.* And I ought not, however, to refuse you that Justice, which the Audience has awlays paid you; the *Provok'd Husband* has been so often acted, that I believe most of the good People of *England* have seen it. They say, my Lord, that on, or off the Stage, you are certainly,
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an Honest, Sensible, Benefi-
cent and Industrious Man:
'Tis incumbent on you to act
your Part, in the New Play,
so well as to deserve our fu-
ture Applause. I shall clap
with the rest, and am, with
great Respect and true E-
steem,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient humble Servant,

Tom Tell-Truth.

The Delicacy

an honest, sensible, honest
 and industrious man
 it is important to be
 your friend in every way
 is well to be a friend
 the people of the world
 with the world, and with
 the people of the world
 the people of the world

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LETTER

TO A

MEMBER of PARLIAMENT.

S I R,

YOU complain'd in your last of my having neglected to send you the *Craftsman* of Saturday, Nov. 8, wherein you are inform'd, there was an Advertisement, concerning a lost *Memorandum* Book. I can assure you, Sir, that I inclosed this Paper in my Letter of Nov. 11; and if it did not come to your Hands, it must have been taken out, somewhere

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where

where, between my House in *London*, and yours at *Edinburgh*. This has happen'd before now, to the *Craftsman*, in Letters that went no farther than ten Miles off, not to mention the strict Orders given to the Clerks, in the several Offices, for not sending that Paper into the Country, themselves: Lest, therefore, the same Accident happen again; and since you seem most desirous of reading the Advertisement, I have transcribed it here, without sending the *Craftsman*.

“ TAKEN up near *Arlington-*
 “ *street*, a small *Memorandum*
 “ Book (supposed to be lost by a
 “ Gentleman, who is packing up
 “ his Awls) consisting of several Ar-
 “ ticles, particularly the following
 “ ones: Settled on my Eldest Son,
 “ upon his Marriage, 7000 l. per
 “ *Annum*.

“ *Annum.* *Item*, Expended on my
 “ House in N—, and in Pictures,
 “ 150,000 *l.* *Item*, on Plate and
 “ Jewels, very proper for Conceal-
 “ ment, in case of an Im——t,
 “ 160,000 *l.* *Item*, in House-keep-
 “ ing, Horse-keeping, and Hound-
 “ keeping, for six Years past, at a
 “ moderate Computation 150,000
 “ Pounds. *Item*, remitted at sever-
 “ ral Times, within these twelve
 “ Months last past, to the Banks
 “ of *Amsterdam, Venice* and *Ge-*
 “ *noa*, 400,000 *l.* with many o-
 “ ther Particulars, too tedious here
 “ to relate. If the Gentleman who
 “ lost it, will please to apply him-
 “ self to *Caleb Danvers*, of *Gray's-*
 “ *Inn*, Esq; the said *Memorandum*
 “ Book shall be restored *Gratis*.”

I believe, Sir, you will want no Commentaries or Notes upon this Piece; tho' I can assure you, a great many, here, have mistaken the Sense and guessed at the wrong Person. *Caleb*, to lye the better conceal'd, and to puzzle his Readers, has put *Items* together, which carry a seeming Contradiction; yet may be much easier reconciled, than some of the Political Dissertations in the *British Journal*, or *Censor*.

CONSIDERING the daily, and, but too well grounded Complaint upon *Change*, that there is no Circulation of Money, and that all the Cash lies in a very few Hands: I think I may venture to affirm, that there is not above two or three Bankers, who can save, gain and remit abroad, 400,000 *l.* in a Twelve-month.

THERE

THERE is a Scrivener (a Friend of ours) of whom it has been currently reported, you know, that upon ballancing his Accounts and Expences, for the last two Years, he has found himself a Gainer, each Year, of 400,000*l*. Now, as *Caleb* fixes exactly upon that Sum, there remains no doubt with me, but that he points at the same Man, tho' he may be mistaken as to the Places of the Remittance of the Money; which, instead of going to the Banks of *Amsterdam*, *Venice* or *Genoa*, might be sent over for Payment of the *Hessian Troops*.

THE *Item*, for laying out, “ On
 “ Plate and Jewels, very proper
 “ for Concealment, in Case of an
 “ Im——t, 160,000*l*.” expresses
 a Fore-

a Foresight adapted to the Capacity of our Alderman *Grey-Goose*.

BUT then I should have been at a loss how to explain the other *Items*, had I not soon found out that they must be understood ironically. Take them in that Sense, and they make a finish'd Picture of our Miser. For Example :

“ *Item*, settled upon my Eldest Son, upon his Marriage, 7000 *l.* “ *per Annum*”. Now, does not our Scrivener keep his Eldest Son out of an Estate of 7000 *l. per Annum*? Again :

“ *Item*, Expended in Pictures “ 150,000 *l.*” Whereas this Fellow has so little Taste for the Liberal Arts, that, I am sure, he can't distinguish between the *Titian* Stroke, and

and the painful, Plastic, Pencil of *Denner*, the *Hambro'* Painter, who shew'd about the Old Woman's Head, so laboriously finish'd, that you could see not only every Pimple in her Face, but every Pore in her Skin. To proceed :

“ *Item*, in House keeping, Horse-keeping and Hound-keeping, for six Years past, at a moderate Computation, 150,000 *l.*” This is bantering with a Witness. Do you think, Sir, that Mr. *Danvers*, who lives so splendidly both in Town and Country, will find fault with his Neighbour's Hospitality? Do but apply this to our Alderman (in an Ironical Sense) and see, how like is the Picture!

FOR

FOR, as to his House-keeping, is not he become the Jest of the Town, for his ridiculous Endeavours to save upon every one, the most minutest Article of it? For reducing his Milk-score, and quarrelling and scolding about too much Oyl that was burned in his Lamps. As for Horse and Hound-keeping, every one in Town and Country knows that he can't sit on Horse-back, without being supported by a pair of Jack-Boots.

THUS you see, Sir, that without any Strain, in the least; leaving some *Items* to their Natural, and construing others into the Ironical Sense (which is a very obvious Figure) *Caleb's* Advertisement was most certainly levell'd at our Scrivener;

Scrivener ; who, far from having any Leisure for Gentleman-like Recreations, or a Soul large enough for Hospitality, makes *Figures* his sole Occupation and Delight, and is only bent upon scraping and saving ; of which last I'll give you one more Instance, which is, that having reduc'd the Number of his Domesticks, He (like a *Petty-Fogger Attorney*, as He is) now makes his Clerk and Accomptant brush his Robes, Gowns, and Cloths:

As Mr. *Danvers* has all along appear'd a true Lover of his Country, I am apt to believe, that he had a View above Satire in his Advertisement ; and that we shall soon be entertain'd by him, with a Dissertation upon the Mischiefs

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that

that may attend any Miser's hoarding up 400,000 *l.* a Year.

For my own Part, I have always hated, despised, and yet feared a Miser. What may a Man not do, who can command all, or most of the Money in the Kingdom? And that must soon be the Case, if one Man can save 400,000 *l.* in a Twelve-month.

I cannot leave this Subject, without giving you the Character of a Miser, and the dreadful Effects of his Temper, in the Words of the ingenious and philosophical Authors of *The Universal Spectator*, a Weekly Paper, which professes never to meddle with Politicks, or Religious Disputes ;

putes ; 'tis that of *Saturday, May*
31, 1729. The Motto is.

— *Quid non Mortalia Pectora*
cogis,

Auri Sacra Fames !

“ Where the Love of Money
“ has once taken Possession of the
“ Heart, there is no Beast so cruel
“ as Man. They seek their Prey
“ to satisfy their Hunger, which
“ may be appeas'd ; but the Ava-
“ ricious can never be satisfy'd ; and
“ none escape him, with whom he
“ is able to cope. Covetousness
“ banishes, not only every Virtue,
“ but even Humanity it self ; and,
“ changing Nature, the Groans of
“ the Oppressed become Musick,
“ and the Miseries of Mankind, a
“ grateful and delighting Specta-
“ cle,

“ cle. What Miseries has not this
 “ Vice brought upon whole Na-
 “ tions? How many have been
 “ made desolate by Avarice? There
 “ is scarce a Crime, which does
 “ not take its Rise from the *Au-*
 “ *ri Sacra Fames*. There is no-
 “ thing the Avaricious will stop
 “ at: Murder, Treason, Sacrilege,
 “ are puny Crimes. Where a
 “ Man is once enslaved by the
 “ Love of Money, he never asks
 “ what’s Just, but what’s Lucra-
 “ tive; not what’s reasonable, but
 “ what makes for his Interest.
 “ Did the Life of a *Son* stand in
 “ the Way of such a Man’s Gain,
 “ he would think it no Crime to
 “ remove him.”

How frightful, and how finish-
 ed a Picture is this of our Miser!
 I cannot but think, these Au-
 thors

thors, and Mr. *Danvers* had the same Man in their Eye. One Quotation more, and I have done; 'tis out of our Countryman Bishop *Burnet's History of his Own Times*, page 264. where, speaking of King *Charles* the Second, and the Earl of *Dorset's* Opinion concerning him, he says:

“ HE, (the Earl of *Dorset*) was
 “ a generous good-natur'd Man:
 “ He hated the Court, and de-
 “ spised the King (*Charles* the
 “ Second) when he saw, he was
 “ neither Generous, nor tender-
 “ hearted.”

I heartily wish, Sir, for your safe Arrival in Town, that you may attend the House for the Service of your Country; and,
 if

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if, a Law for preventing too large Possessions, in the Hands of a Miser, shall be thought requisite, that you may have the Honour to propose it.

London, Nov.
30. 1729.

I am, &c.

F I N I S.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Next Week will be publish'd, written (by the same Author) in the Henleyan Stile,

AN Oration, upon the following Heads; a Gawze and a Goose-Head; Gawze and Grey Lace charmingly becoming to sweaty Faces, and fallow Complexions; Advice to sweaty Faces, to keep their Hands, as well as Bodies sweet and clean; the latter, by Lathers, Washes, and shifting five Times a Day; the former, by not dipping too deep in dirty Work: The particular use of Gawze, infinitely preferable to Net-Work, for making of Purfes; and to coarse Cloth or Leather, for lining of Trunks and Strong-boxes, by reason of its peculiar saving Virtue and admirable retentive Faculty. The Interest of Money, tho' but 3 per Cent, laid out in Gawze goes farther, towards the Year's End, than an hundred Pound Capital, laid out in a better Commodity: However Gawze will prove at last but a thin Disguise, because easily seen through: With many other Particulars.

ADVERTISING

These will be found in the London and

An Oration upon the following
 Heads: a Gown and a Gown
 Head; Gown and Gown; becoming to twenty
 plexions; Advice to twenty faces; to keep
 their hands, as well as bodies sweet and
 clean; the latter by Bathing, Washing, and
 shifting five Times a Day; the former by
 not dipping too deep in dirty Work; The
 manner of Gown; the manner of
 the to Net-Work; for making of
 and to correct Cloth; for making
 of Trunks and strong-boxes; by reason of
 its peculiar living Virtue and admirable re-
 tentive Faculty. The worth of Money;
 tho' but a few Cents, laid out in Gown
 goes further, towards the Youth, than
 an hundred Pound; Gown will
 better Commodity; Gown will
 prove at last but a thin Riddle, because
 easily worn through; With many other Par-
 ticulars.

P. K. R.
 Hower
 10.30.4
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